

The Dylan Chronicles: scribble, scratch, scratch  
III: Maroon





Be Safe







flow from your h'art  
whatever form that takes

entering now  
the maroon journal

viewers  
discretion

11







Some parts of stories are best left unsaid in  
gnarly, truly gnarly  
glad for gifts of knowing how to process old  
glad to be free, truly free  
at last!

♥ sending





Sweet expectation  
it is spring  
although the  
lark  
cannot  
sing  
harmony  
the sweet  
thistle

dew  
like honey  
not so easily  
understood

When all trust has  
been annihilated  
there is a place  
one can go to find  
an anchor

There is a flow-  
grow-now  
dynamic that is  
universal that one  
CAN trust

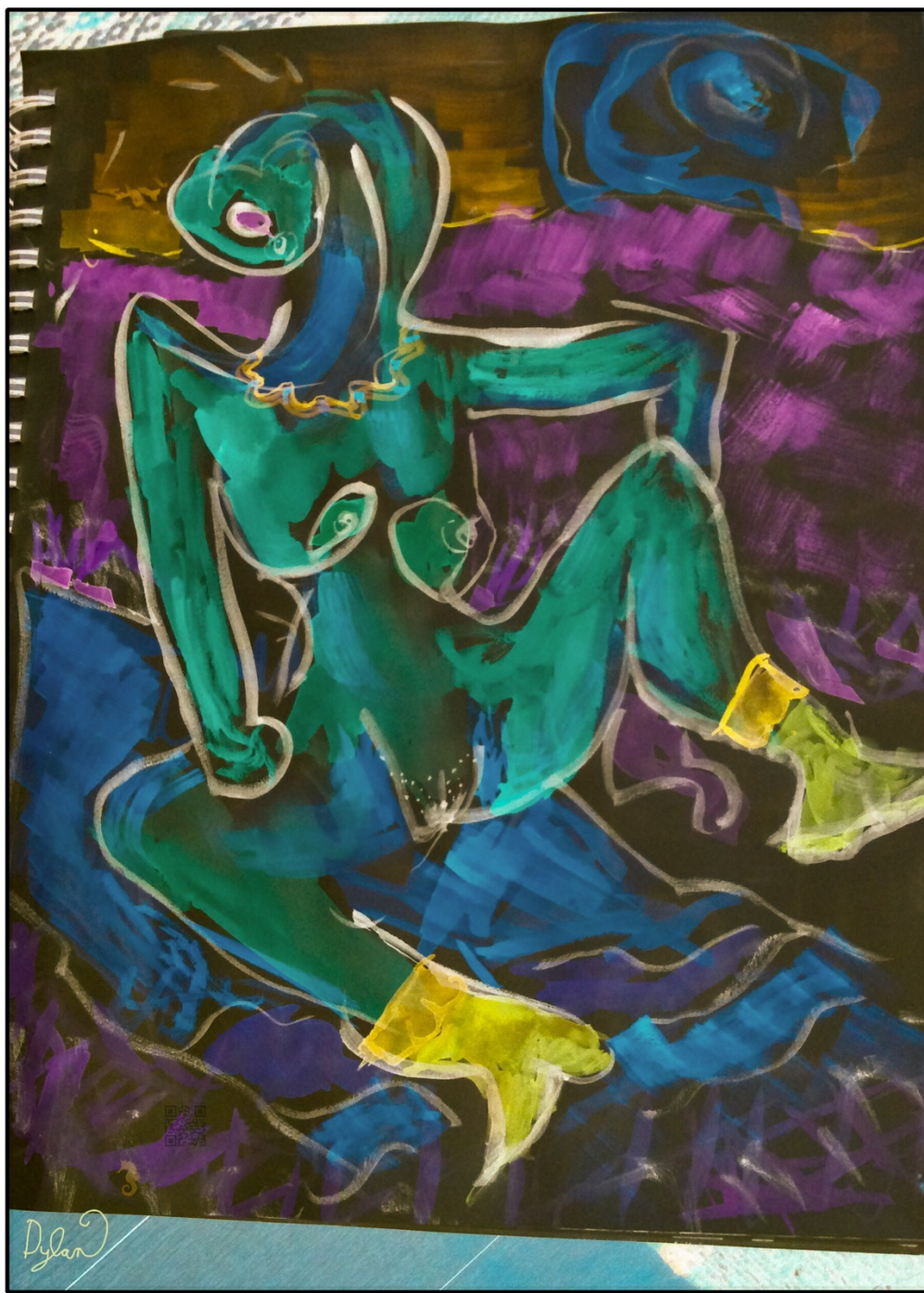
Trust that

It is an excellent  
place to start

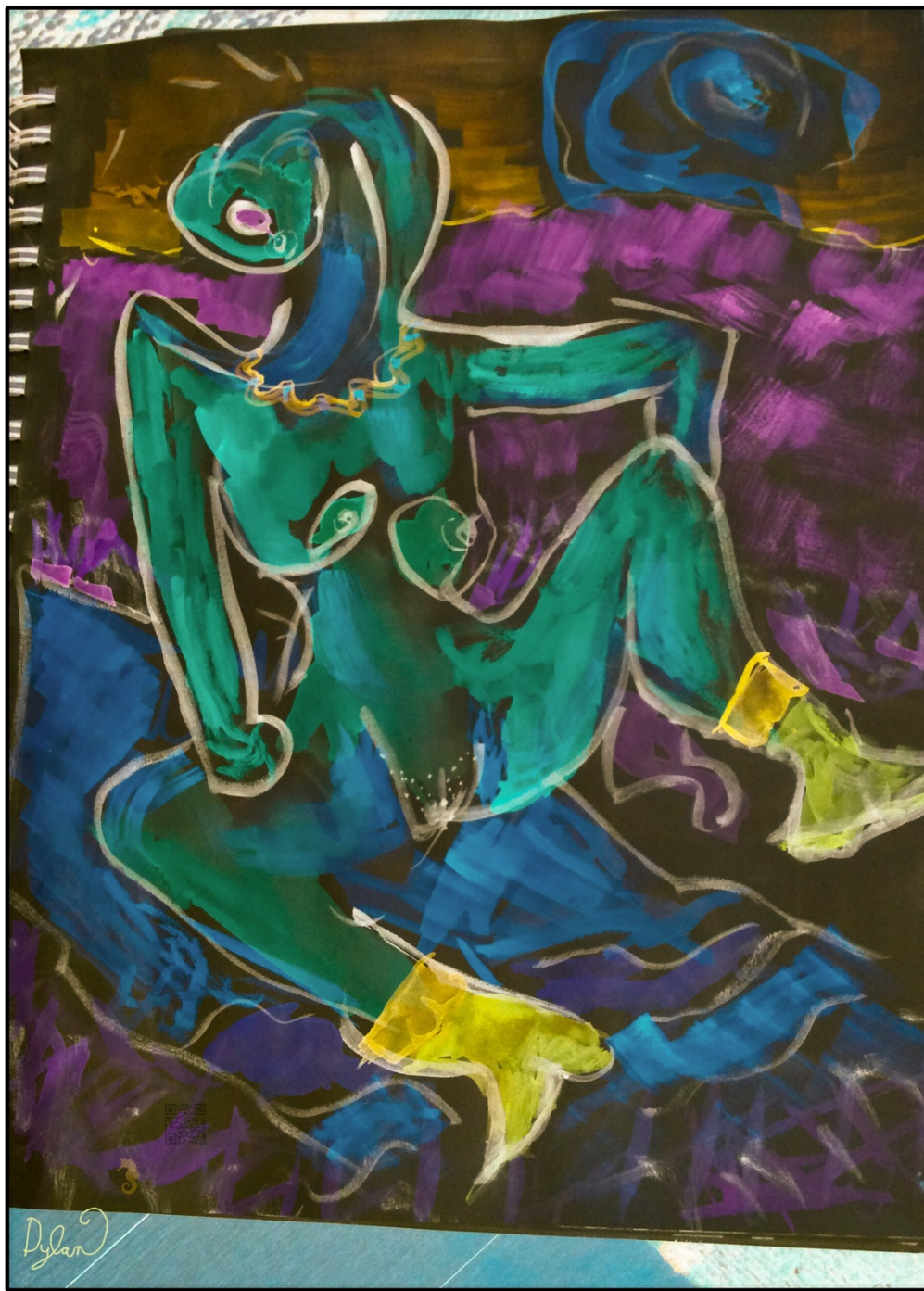


intuiti





Dylan



i  
repeat  
myself  
to give  
parts  
safe  
play  
expression  
taking  
turns  
posting

Take all



times go

















That was a time out in  
the flow-grow-now to  
be present with the  
flow of a very healthy  
now as the dragons are  
let out of the dark to  
air, and stretch their  
wings, safely. They  
open their maws and  
rage gently, the heat  
fueling all those  
questing to take their  
power back: to find  
their tongues, their  
teeth, their hands and  
feet, their bodies even.  
Shall I share the rest of  
this journal? Maroon?  
Do we feel safe enough  
to say? NO!  
so i respect that  
boundary and cut it  
short here.





Dylan D



But we ARE safe - its okay - I will keep you s  
let's flow-grow-now, process the fear and d  
anyways!





Thrivers tip number one:  
you don't need any  
tips, ultimately you can  
find your way out and  
through and you don't  
need any advice.



Snake Bite

sipping the scent of  
plumeria  
floating pinched  
twirl  
milkjavahoney  
sweet  
old wounds fresh again  
that we might chase  
out  
the sorrow and sadness  
to feel  
open h'art  
process  
now  
wisely  
safely  
swift sort of slow



i am awake  
the night calls me  
opening the  
constrictors



scratch







scribble













ONE by ONE  
they march  
the glow of the candle  
in my proud palm  
I am special

the knife  
his hand  
on mine  
plunges

again and again and again  
we loves the aortic geyser  
and bathe in orgasmic pleas  
seminal-fluids, Dorst water  
bits of the sac, excrement,  
we children bathe in filth  
watching them one by one  
fuck each other  
the rabid dog breaks his

ONCE  
NAM  
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FL  
UNS  
THE  
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HIT

TOU  
OU  
ID  
THEY  
ON  
Gift  
FAT  
a to  
ASH  
AND

STUCK OUT THEIR TONGUES AND  
CAUGHT THEMSELVES ON FIRE.  
UP IN FLAME! SMOKE WENT  
THE TWO TEXANS.

LUCKY MADE A BREAK FOR IT AND  
JUMPED IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE  
SEVILLE. ASKED THE DRIVER POLITELY  
TO STEP ON THE GAS.

EE "Hey, how did I know how to talk" thought  
LUCKY. THE DRIVER SLOWLY TURNED AROUND  
AND GRINNED. LUCKY BLUSHED IN HORROR. IT  
WAS A ~~SEX~~ SPARKING NEW REPLICATED HISSEIT  
IN FEMALE FORM EXPOSED WITH HER LID OFF AND  
SHE WAS EXPOSING A WHOLE LOT OF FRESH TUNA.  
LUCKY GRINNED SHEEPISHLY - ALL HE HAD TO SHOW  
FOR STANDING ALONE BESIDE THAT DESERT HIGHWAY  
WAS 10 DEAD BEETLES AND A PILLOW MADE OF  
TENDER PEACHES AND CACTUS TEARS. THE SHINY DRIVER  
WINKED AT LUCKY AND DROPPED HIM OFF WHERE  
HE PLEASED BUT... LUCKY, POOR LUCKY ASKED  
TO BE TAKEN BACK. BACK WHERE? ASKED THE  
SHINY DRIVER. LUCKY TIPPED HIS HAT AND POINTED



HOLE IN THE BACK SEAT. THE DRIVER  
ROLLED DOWN THE SUN ROOF AND  
HUNG UP HER PANTIES TO DRY IN  
SUCKY HOT ANKER FLASH.

ET





s. c. r. a. w. l.

i have a dream  
to found 3 spaces on the planet  
for thrivers of acute circumstances  
to come and be for a six month stretch of life  
to connect to  
growing things  
making things  
shedding things  
embraced by everything that they need to survive  
western medicine  
eastern wisdom  
indigenous wisdom  
creative arts  
healing arts  
in interest  
one soul at a time  
to restore balance to our fragile world  
to unleash wisdom  
to embrace our fresh now eden  
help

by - supporting the thriver flow-grow-now j





Qua  
turr  
shoe  
spin  
fat



CONVINCING  
SPLIT WENTIE  
FUCK  
MY FAVORITE  
NUMBER IS UP  
STAYS BEHIND THE  
CARTON



CRASH  
THROUGH THE WINDOW  
THE PAPER AIRPLANE  
STUCK ALL CATS

FUCK

ASSHOLE LIFE MADE  
TO SMILE

BROWN LOOKS, LUMPY

BURN BURN BURN

POP... I'M OPEN

AGAIN

FUCK

FUCKYED

breath  
air pollution  
I AM DUNN

The  
End of  
this line

join our newsletter to share the thrill of our  
and learn about the next playfreshional flow  
experience!

<http://eepurl.com/buv27f>

Dylan  
& Paul  
©

Click [HERE](#) to like  
yourself

Click [HERE](#) to love  
yourself

Click [HERE](#) to know  
everything is going to  
be alright